be deplored, Most Illustrious, Right Honourable,

## QUESS of MONTROSE, &c.

ral Elegie.



In Council known, a perfect fober Wit, Betimes call'd thereto, CHARLES thought requifite: Keep'd secresie as Clam shels Clos Entire, Consuits deligns to know, defi'd the Air: Both Pru lence and true Gallantrie maintain'd, The ways of Emulation much disdain'd, The Elixar of all high-born Emineuce, Fraught with both Heaven and Earths Intelligence, In either, no thing is but Thou did know; The Center of all Worthiness did show, This in a quiet way, did make appear; Scorn'd of a Vidims Sacrifice to hear. On Self-opiniators could not look, Resolv'd with Reason what Thou undertook. For Countreys publick Safety, ever stood 5 Did before Greatness, study to be Good: Plots and Conspiracies abhorred fo, Was to Ribellion a most severe Foe.

As Thy Grandsire this Character did Merit;

A Loyal-subject of Casarean Spirit:

His Valour had, that razed Adrians Wall,

Broke Abercorns; Severus Pride made fall.

Chief of Grames Name, who alwayes have been great; Has seventy one Kings Serv'd in War and State; Has Thirteen hundred twenty seven years stood; With whom King Fergus-Second, Match'd in Blood: To Royaltie may say, Truth to discover, To King Eugenius-Second Bred Queen-Mother. Thy Jovial House, turns now the House of Woe, No Heart of Stone unbroke, can therein go: Alace to see thy Lady Marquess state, Heartless become, by this sad Stroke of Fate, With her young Marquess sits, whose doleful Crys, With Her to Joyn, moves all our Sphears and Skies; Bereav'd of Her dear Lord, t'wixt whom was Love, That Imitate Heavens Hierarchie above. Ah! ah! young Marquess in Thy Bud, to see Of Thy Paternal-root, Robed to be; By which Thy Name and House Enervat are, Of Chief and Master, of both who had Care, Chronologizers Theam t'inlarge long Story The Soul of Virtue now is gone to Glory: